

seventh is the sixth loser by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Billy places seventh in Assen.

seventh is the sixth loser

Generally *losing* isn't a good thing. Hell, it's never a good thing.

He has a crew chief breathing down his neck because no one pays ten million euro for *seventh* place.

And yet, here he is.

Getting paid *ten million euro* and he's in seventh.

His crew chief can suck his balls, honestly. He couldn't care less if he even gets a sniff of the podium all year. He's already signed another contract with another team, making twelve million euro at almost thirty-five.

It's hard not to turn to the flustered Italian and just pat his cheek when he rants and raves about *seventh* being unacceptable.

He *tries*, okay? He does. But it's a *race*. Shit gets a little crazy sometimes.

Like when Harrington nearly runs him off the track and Hall smashes into the back of his bike.

In all *seriousness*, the old man should be kissing his ass for staying on the bike after that fuck up. If anyone should be getting screamed at, it should be Hall, for being a dickhead and not *paying attention*.

Slamming into people is a great way to wind up making blog front pages as "The Dickhead Who Slams into People" with your face smacked across the headline.

Billy would know.

He does it *a lot*.

The race celebrations are still raging on when he peels his leathers off in his trailer, grimacing at the sweat that runs down his neck. It's not particularly hot in Assen, but damn if the sun isn't out to burn his ass.

His hair looks nearly brown in the mirror from all the sweat in it. He sighs, messes with it a little to try and get at least *one* decent look before he walks out to do a customary smile and wave bit for fans.

He hates the smile and wave bits. But he loves how *apeshit* his fans are for him so he gets the fuck over it.

And fixes his hair with a little wax or whatever is lying on top of the sink.

He looks *alright*, considering he's just spent the better part of two hours sitting in the sun inside a skin-tight leather suit. His skin gleams a little with a mist of perspiration but he doesn't bother wiping it down.

He always did look good a little sweaty.

At least, that's what all the gossip columns and instagram hoes tell him. That's the only reason why he has as many followers on insta as he does, because he *whores* himself out daily. Pictures after his workouts. Pictures after practices. Pictures pictures pictures.

And he always looks good. Really good. Sweat dripping down his temples and eyelashes dark as sin good. And of course abs abs *abs*.

He's not an *idiot*. That's what the girlies all want.

Plus guys.

Can't forget the guys.

There's a reason he gets laid in every country. For every dozen screaming fangirls, there are a handful of very *willing* dudes.

It's almost enough to make blow jobs *dull*.

But who's he kidding?

He *loves* blow jobs.

However, there's a new wrinkle in his usual nocturnal prowess.

He stares himself down in the mirror and wrinkles his nose, his stomach doing somersaults at the mere thought of the guy.

The guy being Steve, of course.

Steve isn't the same as *Harrington* because Harrington is a dickhead that Billy wants to beat ruthlessly. He wants to watch Harrington fuck up and eat dirt, trying so hard to *win*.

But *Steve* is another thing entirely.

Steve is the guy Billy recalls sucking off in a dark trailer, moans filling the air. Steve is the guy Billy fantasizes about kissing and sliding his tongue into his mouth and *tasting* until he's dizzy. Steve is the guy that Billy has fallen for *hard*. And, finally, Steve is the reason Billy hasn't had a single one-night suck, or fuck *frankly*, since the beginning of the season.

It's almost embarrassing how *invested* he is in the guy. One look from across the paddock and Billy's cock is twitching in his leathers. And riding a motorcycle with a half of a chub is *torture*.

So he thinks only about *Harrington*, not Steve.

He tidies his hair for photos and hopes to *god* the podium winners are long gone when he surfaces.

God, though, is kind of rude.

There were enough media crews to light up a fucking city, shoving cameras in his face, asking him stupid questions.

What went wrong?

Well, uh, the obvious.

His tire had made the executive decision to turn to mashed potatoes halfway through the race; which meant he couldn't push, which also meant he had to just *hang in* and try not to fucking *crash*.

It's not *glorious*, being in seventh, but at least he'd earned points.

There are losers in 23rd place who earn *jack shit*; and not because of tire disintegration. But because they're not *him*.

Billy lasts about thirty minutes before he feels his temper licking up his spine, tickling in the back of his throat with words like, *fuck off* and *no shit*.

But he gets *paid* to play nice so he plays. Until his nails start to hurt where they dig into his palms.

Then he's back in his trailer and digging those same nails into his scalp.

That's when there's a knock on his door and he fully expects it to be some assistant, ready to tell him they're leaving in an hour. That his dumb ass needs to get out of the trailer so they can pack shit up and go.

That's why he bites out a hard, "Jesus, *what?!'*"

And that's when Steve Harrington pulls open the door and bursts through, a big, stupid grin on his face.

Which means he might not have heard just how *not* in the mood Billy is for *smiling*.

Like in general.

"Hargrove." Steve pants, sways. *Oh*. He's drunk, still wearing his leathers and sunglasses like some kind of *asshole*.

It's not even *close* to sunny inside his trailer.

"The fuck?" Billy grunts as Steve flops on the small couch, letting out a heavy sigh. "Aren't you supposed to be..." He gestures vaguely and Steve sticks out his tongue.

Clearly *off his ass*.

"Hall broke some kind of record so everyone's kissing his ass so I *slipped* away." He says like he's *super stealthy*, moving his hands in front of him like some kind of *ninja*.

Like a *moron*.

Then he points one finger at Billy. It's weirdly still for how fruity his breath smells.

Goddamn spanish cava.

"Came to find you." He states, then jabs his finger at the bridge of his own nose and slides his sunglasses down to reveal his eyes.

Billy can't help but snort at that.

He's such an idiot. But he's a cute idiot.

"Well you found me. What do you want?" He asks callously, like he isn't already thinking about a rematch between his mouth and Steve's cock. He'd like to see how long he could keep him moaning his name. Sweet and tangy on his tongue.

Steve flings himself back, nearly braining himself on the arm of the couch in a dramatic show. Arms flung wide, he looks around the room.

"Your generous hospitality and grand accommodations."

"You're an *idiot*, Harrington." Billy smirks, trying not to laugh. Because, he's not in the mood. Really.

Not in the mood.

"I'm a champion." Steve says lazily, letting his arms drop. "Six time *world champion*."

"You're an *asshole*." Billy points out. But not without smiling. "Get out of my trailer."

"I want to fuck you."

The statement comes out of no where and Billy chokes on what little spit happens to be in his throat.

Which isn't much after his mouth runs bone *dry*.

Steve is watching him from the couch, legs splayed wide, sunglasses on the tip of his nose. He looks *stupid* but he's not smiling anymore. He's just, lying there.

Waiting.

"Take a number." Billy deflects, crosses his arms and leans back against his arm of the sofa. What he really wants to say is a sad and *pathetic* "please" but he keeps his trap *shut*.

"Do you want to fuck me?" Steve asks. His eyes are still so dead *serious* that Billy can't even scoff. It feels too much like *this* is the moment he'll look back at as the beginning of something big.

A shift or something.

A start.

"Yeah." He relinquishes with a half shrug, like it means nothing to admit. Steve grins, big and *dumb* and Billy feels something swirl in his chest.

"Take a number."

Billy laughs. Low and breathy, before his entire body seems to unwind. The tension in his shoulders unravels and he lets his arms down to his sides.

"Someone's probably looking for your drunk ass." He points out, suddenly wishing that weren't the case. He wishes they didn't have to fly out that same night.

Wishes they had another night to go back to the hotel.

And maybe wind up in the same room.

"Probably." Steve echoes. He sighs, eyes still locked on Billy's face. They sit in the quiet for a while, listening to the rumble of trucks outside. The crew is probably already loading his bikes.

They would be gone soon. It'd all be gone soon. Like a village of nomads, never in the same place too long.

“There are rumors.” Steve’s voice sounds sleepy when he speaks again. “Rumors you’re signing with Repsol.”

Billy’s gut churns.

Because, truthfully, he’d hoped that Steve would learn about it through his chief. Or maybe a CEO or someone who has a speech prepared or some shit.

Not *him*.

But things never go the way he wishes.

Ever.

“Signed.” He simply says. Passed tense. Done. Established and binding.

Steve’s eyes flicker with some mystery thought before he swallows. Chews his bottom lip.

“We’re gonna be teammates.”

“Guess so.” He breathes. He’s managed to avoid the realization for almost a month, putting Steve out of the mix entirely when he sat with his lawyer and went through paperwork.

It was simply a strategic move.

One company to another. More money. Better machine.

Nothing to it.

Except, that wasn’t the case. Not even a little.

“We’re going to be together a lot next year.” Steve comments, a sneaky smile curling his lips. “Think you’ll be able to keep your hands off me?”

And, really, Billy *isn’t* sure.

But he laughs. Shakes his head.

“I think I’ll *manage*.”

Another truck roars to life outside and it fills the room with noise. Enough that it breaks whatever trance that had fallen over them. Steve sits up, pushes his glasses back up his nose to his face.

“I better go.” He grunts, hauling himself upright with what *appears* to be no struggle at all.

Billy simply nods. Watches him walk slowly to the door.

Before he leaves, Steve turns around, a smile wide on his face as he nibbles his bottom lip.

“See you in Chemnitz.” He says, then whips back around. But not before singing over his shoulder, “Try not to *suck*.”

Funny, that’s all Billy wants to do.

Author’s Note:

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